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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

TO GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT.

This is in no sense an imputation upon your personal honesty; neither is it a partisan assault upon your official conduct.

It is a straightforward inquiry from the Republicans who elected you, no less than from the Democrats who opposed you.

It is an inquiry from the people of a great State. It is made through the people's newspaper to a man who has been termed the people's Governor.

You have been looked upon as a man of the people, elected by the people and for the people.

In your party, you are generally regarded as a man whose solemn pledges tended as much as any other thing to elect you.

In your recent Hornellsville speech, you said: "We demand from every public man absolute honesty, and the same integrity that you expect in business life."

An humble listener among your hearers, presumably a Republican, exclaimed:

"How about the canals, Governor?"

You are reported to have replied, Governor Roosevelt, by accusing the man of drunkenness. You are said to have spoken of him as a man "with a mean, small soul."

Then, referring to the canal scandal, you said: "The investigators found that the charges made by you and your type are infamous lies and slanders."

What are the facts in the case? Let us begin with your pledges made during your campaign.

At Glens Falls you said: "If any public servant has failed to perform his duty, that man assuredly shall be punished."

In your Cooper Union speech we find the following in reference to the canals: "I will run down the last man, and you know it."

At Prohibition Park your words were as follows: "If I have to conduct any investigation, I will have it conducted by a man like Wheeler H. Peckham, and every piece of wrongdoing shall be brought home to the wrongdoer, whoever and wherever he may be."

In another speech at Staten Island you are thus quoted: "If I am elected, I will probe that canal matter to the bottom. I will see that any wrongdoer is punished, without regard to his politics."

In the face of these pledges, after a whitewashing investigation by Democratic lawyers, you turn upon the Hornellsville worm with the statement that "the charges made by you and your type are infamous lies and slanders."

Now as to the facts about the canal theft. In the first place, not an iota of suspicion has been removed from the public mind by the report of the investigators. The cold, crystallized facts are still there. The enormity of the theft has not been lessened. There are millions of taxpayers who think with the Hornellsville man, and who will not be convinced until you have fulfilled your pledge to your party to "probe the thing to the bottom."

The report of the investigators does NOT controvert the fact that nine million dollars have been spent on canal repairs without an adequate accounting, and that twelve million dollars more have been asked for.

It does NOT make clear the fact that thousands upon thousands of cubic yards of soft earth dug from the canals in repairing were classified as "rock," and by this chicanery, instead of 25 cents a cubic yard, from \$1 to \$3 a yard was collected by the contractors. This can be proven by letters and documents.

Is it a slander, Governor, to assert that contract No. 4, of the Eastern Division, shows to this day only 905 cubic yards of rock, whereas the contractor made returns for 11,426 cubic yards, at \$1.25 a yard? Here alone is a discrepancy of over \$120,000.

The investigators appointed by Colonel Roosevelt, Republicans or Democrats, Brahmins or Buddhists, do not deny that the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland, of which Frank Platt, son of Senator Thomas C. Platt, the Republican boss, is the most influential officer, received pay for a rock estimate of 3,000 cubic yards, that this rock was ploughed dirt and silt, and that this estimate was signed in blank form by State Engineer Adams. Documents, never denied, have been published proving this.

In behalf of the voters of all parties, these questions are asked.

It is your ambition to be President. In this direction you are leaving a foaming wake. Will it be possible, think you, to land in the President's chair with a whitewashed theft of millions under your paddle-wheels?

Take up the cudgels again, Governor Roosevelt, and fulfill your pledges. Kalsomine does not mean investigation.

AN ABNORMAL SORT OF CURIOSITY.

A twenty-four-year-old pretty girl committed suicide the other day in Binghamton, N. Y., by taking morphine. Her sole motive is said to have been curiosity—an overwhelming desire to find out what the actions are in dying. She was otherwise cheerful disposition, only haunted by fatal curiosity.

There are no doubt that there are a great many persons in the world—we should say, many more men than women—who are filled with a similar curiosity, not perhaps so much about the sensations in dying as about what really exists on the other side of the grave. And perhaps many would commit suicide to satisfy that curiosity if cowardice did not prevent them.

And yet such curiosity, of course, is highly abnormal. Morbid, illogical curiosity, indeed, is one of the most valuable properties man: it is to it that we owe much of our science and our civilization. But it would seem to a normal mind that if it be worth while to find out what there is beyond the grave, it is at least as valuable at first to discover all we can about the present existence.

There never was a time when a bright young person with some leisure had the opportunity of studying life and nature as now. All sorts of books are at their disposal, whereby they can partake of the experience and conclusions of the greatest geniuses on earth. They can study astronomy, the most fascinating of sciences, which, as Proctor has said, by the flight of light, will make an omniscient, omnipresent God thinkable. They can study mankind in its wonderful evolution on the stage of history. They now can study the intricacies of the human mind, which will foreshadow to them the character of the future life. One should think they might wait to investigate the life after death till after they have learned all about life before death.

And such suicide is illogical—"cul bono?" for whose benefit? This woman left no notes of her sensations for the benefit of her friends. She must have been very sure that she would immediately step from one conscious state into another. But a future life does not require that. The Tascosopists say that 1,000 years of sleep intervene between two lives.

And, lastly, who knows the woman has not lost her own soul. It is possible that the

best thing for man is to pass his natural span of life, and that to die as infant or young man is a positive injury.

WHALEN FOR JUDGE—A PUBLIC INSULT.

The talk of putting Corporation Counsel Whalen on the Supreme bench is an insult to the people of New York and a reflection upon the bar. He has no fitness for this high office.

His connection with the Ramapo scheme alone would condemn him. He drew the contract which made it possible for that dishonest crowd to rob the city of \$200,000,000. As Corporation Counsel it was his duty to denounce this raid on the treasury. When Comptroller Coler was exposing the steal Whalen cowered in silence. The Supreme bench should not be made an asylum for discredited officials whose knowledge of political trickery is their sole claim for recognition.

Whalen as Corporation Counsel, where better men can correct his blunders and revise his judgments, is bad enough, but Whalen on the Supreme bench, selling the ermine by his very presence, would be an unpardonable affront to decency.

FOUND GUILTY, YET UNPUNISHED.

The Coroner's jury has found the railroad company responsible for the accident at Seabright, N. J., by which three people were instantly killed.

The company is thus declared guilty of manslaughter, and should in some way be punished for the crime.

The total number of people killed by railway accidents during the year ending June 30, 1898, was 6,859, and the number injured was 49,882; yet not a single railroad director has been held to account for it.

This frightful list of killed and mangled victims would be instantly decreased if the presidents and directors of railroads were held personally responsible for all preventable accidents.

When the Queen of England travels on a railroad one of the directors rides in the cab of the locomotive ahead of her, and no accidents have happened to the royal train since this wise precaution has been taken.

Another plan which might compel railroad companies to consider the public safety would be that adopted by the socialist papers of Germany. Every important paper has on its staff a "jail editor," who is required to act as

proxy for the editor-in-chief whenever he is convicted of the crime of lese majeste.

If railroad companies were obliged to appoint one of their shareholders as "jail director" we would have fewer of these unprotected grade crossings. Until then we would recommend that the responsibility be placed upon the presidents of the companies.

ROBBING NEW YORK OF ITS RIGHTS.

The State Land Board in ceding away for a nominal amount over sixty acres of land under water at Rockaway Beach and Long Island City has entirely ignored the rights of the city of New York. Over 224 miles of shore line surrounding Greater New York is at the disposal of this Board.

Under the guise of "beneficial enjoyment" private persons and corporations have been permitted to seize these valuable grants. The Astoria Heat, Light and Power Company has been seeking important concessions near Astoria, which the obliging State Board will no doubt turn over to them for a song.

Cannot Governor Roosevelt interrupt his praise of himself long enough to stop the incompetent State Land Board from continuing this scandalous sacrifice of public property?

The Beef Trust and the Butchers.

Editor of the New York Journal:

For the first time in the history of the city have the retail butchers of New York taken concerted action to secure that unity among themselves which was becoming so essential to their very existence. They have at last awakened to the fact that it is an imperative necessity for them to stand together. They have become united, as tradesmen of other callings have done long ago, so that now nearly all the butchers of the city are enrolled in the Retail Butchers' Protective Association. The Retail Butchers' Association will be proud to lead in the fight against trusts, which will no doubt ere long be waged throughout the land. Respectfully,

GEORGE MAIBACH,
Member Retail Butchers' Association,
No. 509 Eleventh avenue, New York, Aug. 24.

Mr. Bryan's Journal Interview.

[Buffalo Enquirer.]

Whether you are a Bryan Democrat or a Republican or an anti-Bryan Democrat, Mr. Bryan's observations on the national situation are good things to read and think about. He is a shrewd student of the times. He states his opinions with an attractive frankness, and he writes in the simple, forcible manner of a great man. Mr. Croelman, of the New York Journal, has obtained a significant interview with him on the prospects of Democratic success, in the course of which he sketches the lines upon which the coming campaign is likely to be fought.



(From the New York Herald, September 1.)

'THE MOTHS AND THE FLAME.'

THE VALUE OF NEWSPAPER UNION.

The force of the newspaper is the greatest force in civilization. Under republican government newspapers form and express public opinion. They suggest and control legislation. They declare wars. They make and unmake statesmen. They punish criminals, especially the powerful. They reward with approving publicity the good deeds of citizens everywhere. The newspapers control the nation because they REPRESENT THE PEOPLE. But the possible achievements of the newspapers are diminished, their power for good, their public services curtailed by dissensions, jealousies, LACK OF UNION. * * *

Editorial combinations should be encouraged, and New York should set the example. Let the newspapers fight, argue and thus develop wisdom on questions that are in doubt. Let them take opposing sides in politics, and thus stir up the truth. Let them even fight each other in their silly fashion if they must.

BUT ON MATTERS OF UNQUESTIONABLE TRUTH AND JUSTICE LET THEM UNITE.

I pledge the Journal to the support of all good measures proposed by other newspapers.

I urge upon the men whose power gives them such great responsibility the importance of formal editorial union—not for private profit, but FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.—W. R. HEARST, in the Journal, September 25, 1898.

The power of a united press was never more strikingly demonstrated than in the smashing of the Ramapo job. The political thieves of both parties favored the steal. Their plans were matured with the greatest care. They "fixed" the Legislature. They "fixed" some powerful shaper of the city charter. They "fixed" all the necessary officials, but they COULD not "fix" the newspapers.

Nothing can resist the combined influence of the press working for the public good. It becomes at once the conscience and the right arm of the people, reflecting their sense of right and executing their decrees.

The newspapers have all the fallible human qualities. They make many blunders. They are sometimes small in their enmities, sometimes arrogant in their attitude. But when they unite to save civic honor, to rescue the city from the clutches of thieves, or to do any other praiseworthy public duty, their faults can well be forgotten in contemplation of their virtues. Newspaper union killed the Amsterdam grab, as it destroyed the Ramapo steal. Let them unite always, "not for private profit, but FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD."

"A YOUNG WIFE," A "CARDIAC DRAMA." ALAN DALE THUS SPEAKS OF TILLOTSON'S PLAY.

FROM the title of the cardiac drama at the Fourteenth Street Theatre you might imagine that you were going to see a sweet, simple little bread-and-butter poem dealing with a pretty unsophisticated childwife. "A Young Wife" sounds so very like the signature of the artless things who write to the evening papers for recipes for how to keep hubby at home, and what to rub on baby's gums. But the play at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, fathered by J. K. Tillotson, Esq. (vide programme), is a palpitant affair in four acts, that whisk you alternately through swell houses and slums. One moment you are in a lovely country residence with a sumptuous library that contains everything but books; the next you are with thieves, and card sharps, and drunken harridans.

"A Young Wife" is ardent melodrama, with all the modern improvements. The heroine is a tall, lissome young thing who frolics around in her sumptuous Mme. Tillotson gowns and passes through labyrinths of tribulation. For country house wear she patronizes pink chiffon and spangles. For the den of thieves she appears simply clad in spinnach green silk. And they all call her beautiful and speak of the time when she was thirteen years old, before—it must have been long before—the play opens. It begins with a wife, and a villain, fat as Count Ponce, who wants to rob it. It contains \$50,000—almost enough to pay for the Tillotson gowns. The villain is the son of the safe's father—I mean the safe's owner. He wants money very badly, and he also covets his brother's wife, the wearer of the Tillotson gowns. Hardly have you settled yourself in your seat, and asked the fat lady in the front row to take off her hat, than you are plunged right into the thick of it all. The stage grows pitch dark. The villain and his accomplices enter like the conspirators in "Mme. Angot"; the safe is robbed; the old man appears; the old man is instantly killed by the villain son; the Tillotson gown wearer enters and sees the body; she believes that it is her own husband, the innocent brother, who has done the deed, and—well, if you want any more than this in a first act you are a greedy person with an insatiable appetite.

It is not bad melodrama by any means. Although Fourteenth street has had just such happenings before, there is a new flavor to it all, and "A Young Wife," starting well, kept the ball rolling. The scene in the thieves' den is excellent, in its way. I liked that card sharper, with his hair oiled on his forehead, and the gentle bunco atmosphere of the whole thing. I enjoy an admitted bunco game on the stage, because I see so many of them that are not admitted. Mr. Tillotson has tried to do for New York what Sims and other melodrama writers in England have done for England. The types in this second act are quite realistic. The harridan gives you cold tremors in your marrow, and the tongs are just the sort of people you catch glimpses of when you take French table d'hôte dinners. The girl with the Tillotson

gowns is lured into this den—not to her ruin, however. She believes the harridan is her mother, and has come to see her in pure filial devotion. The lovely creature, skimming around amid all these horrors, awakens all your sweetest sympathies. How she rustles her spinnach green petticoat as she says, "You would keep me here? Never! Never! It was for this that I was cruelly trapped!" She is rescued by a hayseed, who says "By gosh!" every other minute, and who drags the wine of the thieves and escapes with Tillotson.

"A Young Wife" easily entertains. There are no trills about it, and the characters talk like human beings. You get your murder in the first act, which gives you a cheerful start, and after that everything pleases. A good murder to begin with makes you feel as though you had taken your first dip in the sea and didn't care what happened afterward. All the burglars seemed to be jolly good fellows, and the rankest looking band of the lot won your heart by championing the poor young wife when the fat villain assaulted her.

Miss Selma Herman was the girl in spinnach green. Miss Herman is a good actress, but I felt vexed when I heard that she was so beautiful. A spiteful woman near me remarked that she thought the young wife looked her best when the stage was pitch dark, but I didn't agree with her. Miss Herman is, at any rate, sincere, and one of these days she will have a part that will give her better opportunities than she can ever obtain from melodrama, in which every righteous heroine must be voluntarily lovely. She gave to her part plenty of quiet dignity, and in the den of thieves she behaved herself so nicely that you felt sorry to see her escape into those iniquitously swell drawing rooms.

J. H. Gilmore was the fat villain in the most voraciously Drury Lane manner. He exuded villainy from every pore and looked as though he were padded with it. A few years ago Mr. Gilmore was one of those dashing, lissome youths whom managers used to seek for the support of picture book stars. Acting has agreed with him, not wisely, but too well. Claude Gillingwater the sounds like the advertisement of a new mineral beverage) was an entertaining hayseed, and Malcolm Williams, a chubby, serious young man, played Miss Herman's husband as though he meant to play him or die in the attempt. Frank Losee, with a Bowers make-up, contributed an enjoyable character sketch, but it was the card sharper of James J. De Barre that pleased me most. I always look for entertainment at the wrong end of the programme, where the salaries are small and the actors haven't been told that they are "great." Mr. De Barre's little piece of work stood nobly forth, and the squash curls on his forehead were a triumph of make-up. Miss Sydney Cowell played the harridan most artistically, and Miss Charlotte Crane displayed a pair of shoulders that made Miss Herman's chiffon covered blades look like thirty cents.

I am inclined to think that "A Young Wife" will

grow old. It is good for Fourteenth street. It will be good for the road. I can almost hear the denizens of Oshkosh revelling in that juicy slice of New York life offered in the thieves' den.

ALAN DALE.

The Journal's Defeat of the Ramapo Steal.

[Newport News Telegram.]
Comptroller Coler, of New York, announces that the New York Journal's exposure of the proposed Ramapo water contract scheme has resulted in the practical defeat of the proposition, which, according to some of the prominent men once connected with the affair, was nothing more nor less than a gigantic steal.

This furnishes a practical illustration of the value of a great and fearless newspaper in protecting the interests of the people. In the old days, when Greece was in her glory and communication was more difficult and less extended than at present, the tribune was the champion of the people. To-day, when railway and telegraphic facilities make world-wide communication possible in a day, a more powerful and far-reaching tribune is needed, and, in the press, the people of this great republic have found a champion more powerful and more potent than the old-time Greek, who with matchless eloquence stood upon the watch towers of that age and proclaimed against the governmental abuses of his day.

The immensity of the Ramapo contract scheme and the multiplicity of details necessary to its final completion give one a new conception of the risks to which men will submit their reputations in the pursuit of gold. The Journal is to be congratulated upon the successful issue of its crusade against such a questionable scheme.

Dreyfus Trial Recalls Macaulay's Satire.

Editor of the New York Journal:
 Apropos of the Dreyfus court-martial at Rennes the following extract from Macaulay's essay on Bryan's "Pilgrim's Progress" in the Edinburgh Review for 1823 seems timely:

"The license given to the witnesses for the prosecution, the shameless partiality and ferocious insolence of the judge, the precipitancy and the blind rancor of the jury, remind us of those odious mummeries which, from the Restoration to the Revolution, were merely form preliminary to hanging, drawing and quartering. Lord Hatfield performs the office of counsel for the prisoner as well as Scroggs himself could have performed it."

"Judge—Thou runagate, heretic and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee?"

"Faithful—May I speak a few words in my own defence?"

"Judge—Sirrah, sirrah! thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet, that all men may see our gentlemen in thee, let us hear what thou, vile runagate, hast to say."

MARK HARRIGAN.